in practice before fighting a duel. As for those gauntlets, he said, that he had none; and unless the jailor himself lent him his own, the question remained unsolved. The jailor however agreed to lend his gloves for the time being and in a trice, prduced a pair from an imaginary pair of arms, giving them to my supposed second. The spectacle turned so interesting at this stage, that I began to watch with bated breath, the issues of the fight, and was indeed quite glad to find that the whole scene turned in my favour at the end. The said 'Savarkar* having taken the pair of gloves from the jailor, threw one, with such unerring aim at him, that it fell squat on his face and made him smart, looking quite the fool that he was. The conclusion, thus appeared to turn decidedly in our favour, but time was short for any further demonstrations and so, all this phantasmagoria vanished, **as** suddenly as they had appeared and I had to go to to my standing handcuffs, as

ordered by our Prison Lord.